

Ralph Ringwood.

A True Story of a Kentucky Pioneer.

I am a Kentuckian by residence and choice, but a Virginian by birth. The cause of my first leaving the "Ancient Dominion," and emigrating to Kentucky, was a jackass! You stare, but have a little patience, and I'll soon show you how it came to pass. My father, who was one of the old Virginia families, resided in Richmond. He was a widower, and his domestic affairs were managed by a housekeeper of the old school, such as used to administer the concerns of opulent Virginian households.

Now it came to pass, during the days of my juvenility, while I was yet what is termed "an unlucky boy," that a gentleman of our neighborhood took it into his head that it would be an immense public advantage to introduce a breed of mules, and accordingly imported three jacks to stock the neighborhood. This in a part of the country where people cared for nothing but blooded horses! The whole matter was a town-talk, and a town-scandal. The worthy amalgamator of quadrupeds found himself in a dismal scrape; so he backed out in time, and turned his jacks loose to shift for themselves upon the town common.

It so happened that my way to school lay across the common. The first time that I saw one of these animals, it set up a braying and frightened me confoundedly. However, I soon got over my fright, and seeing that it had something of a horse look, my Virginian love of anything of the equestrian species predominated, and I determined to back it.

Sunday approached, on which I projected an equestrian excursion on one of these long-eared steeds. As I knew the jacks would be in great demand on Sunday morning, I secured one over night, and conducted him home, to be ready for the earliest out set. But where was I to quarter him for the night? I could not put him in the stable; our old black groom George was as absolute in that domain as Barbara was within doors, and would have thought his stable, his horses, and himself disgraced by the introduction of a jackass. So I got the key to the smoke-house, put master Jack in, locked the door, returned the key to its place, and went to bed, intending to release my prisoner at an early hour, before any of the family were awake.

But dame Barbara, the housekeeper, as usual, "was up before the crows put their shoes on," and bustled about to get things in order for breakfast. Her first resort was to the smoke-house. Scarcely had she opened the door, when master Jack, tired of his confinement, and glad to be released from darkness, gave a loud bray, and rushed forth. Down dropped old Barbara; the animal trampled over her, and made for the common. Poor Barbara! She had never before seen a donkey; and having read in the Bible that the Devil went about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour, she took it for granted that this was Beelzebub himself. As ill luck would have it, among those attracted by the noise was a little cursed fidgety, crabbed uncle of mine. This prying little busybody soon ferreted out the truth of the story, and discovered, by hook and by crook, that I was at the bottom of the affair, and had locked up the donkey in the smoke-house. He stopped to inquire no farther, for he was one of those testy curmudgeons with whom unlucky boys are always in the wrong. Leaving old Barbara to wrestle in imagination with the Devil, he made for my bedchamber, where I still lay wrapped in rosy slumbers, little dreaming of the mischief I had done, and the storm about to break over me.

In an instant I was awakened by a shower of thwacks, and started up in bewilderment. I seized a poker and put myself on the defense. I was a stout boy for my years, while my uncle was a little whiffet of a man. I soon, therefore, brought him to a parley. Old Barbara continued under the doctor's hands, however, for several days; and whenever she had an ill turn, my uncle would seek to give me another flogging. I felt stung to the soul at all this. I had been beaten, degraded, and treated with slighting when I complained. I lost my usual good spirits and good-humor. A certain wild, roving spirit of freedom, which I believe is as inherent in me as it is in the partridge, was brought into sudden activity by the checks and restraints I suffered. "I'll go from home," thought I, "and shift for myself." Perhaps this notion was quickened by the rage for emigrating to Kentucky which was at that time prevalent in Virginia.

(To be continued.)

The Counties.

Copy for this Department must reach the editor on Saturday preceding date of issue.

Madison County.

Dreyfus.

Miss Anna Ogg is on the sick list this week.

Have your girl bring enough linsey to Berea to make a dress.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Holdman, of the Silver Creek locality, are visiting relatives here this week.

Moving seemed to be the order of the day Saturday. Our business little town got a "hustle on itself."

Rev. Lunsford will preach at the Christian Church next Saturday and Sunday. Everybody invited.

Miss Maud Daniels, of Irvine, will arrive this week to be the guest of her pleasant cousin, Miss Mattie Young.

Mr. Burritt Lunsford, of Wallacetown, was pleasantly entertained Sunday afternoon by Miss Rhoda Pennington.

The boys had a jolly old time Wednesday night shooting big guns, and making the so-called true Democrats feel bad. Boys be careful!

Tressie, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Riddle, has been dangerously ill for the past week, but is now on the road to recovery.

Mrs. Lella Weinberg, after a week's stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Young, has returned to her home in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Wallacetown.

Mrs. Nancy Ogg is very ill this week.

Miss Sarah Reynolds is very low with consumption.

Ollie Boen is erecting a new building on his lot in Wallacetown.

Have your girl bring to Berea enough jeans to make a suit of clothes. Miss Mary Ritter, of Indiana, is visiting her aunt, Margaret Parks.

Joe Wallace has been very ill but is able to attend to his school again.

Rev. Palmer, of Berea, will preach at the Baptist church, Sunday, Nov. 19.

Tom Kincaid and wife attended the burial of their sister on Red Lick Wednesday.

E. B. Wallace and Tom Kincaid are locating some timber on Red Lick, where they will move the saw mill.

Reuben Kindred, who has been laid up for some time with a broken knee, is now walking on crutches.

Miss Grace Howes and Mrs. Grinstead and daughter, of College Hill, attended the Methodist quarterly meeting.

Jackson County.

Clover Bottom.

The election was conducted very quietly.

Good Linsey wanted by Berea College.

Coyle for Judge and Moore for Circuit Clerk in this county.

Mr. James Robinson, of Sturgeon, was here on business last week.

Loud and repeated reports were fired last night as a salute for the supposed Governor Taylor.

Dr. Daugherty is having his new possessions improved by having the house painted and a well dug.

Mr. John Dean and Green Durham contemplate attending the Normal at Annville this winter.

Reverends A. J. Merritt and Richardson are in our midst and think of holding a few days protracted meeting at the Baptist church at Kirby Knob.

While rushing out of the house to see what was disturbing his chickens, Mr. Hiram Dean stumbled over the baby's cradle and dislocated a finger.

Mr. Alton Baker, who is teaching the Baker District school, Mr. Robt. Daugherty, and J. W. Cope are going to enter school at Berea for the winter term. Also Miss Laura Hatfield.

Collingsworth.

Send down a good coverlet to Berea to pay your boys' incidental fees.

The school at this place is progressing nicely. J. M. Gilbert is teacher.

Dr. Mahaffy beat Mr. Smith for Representative in Clay, Owsley, and Jackson by 150 votes.

Mr. Elder and Mr. Rawlings, from Berea passed through here enroute for Owsley last week.

Mr. W. H. Culton, of Madison, and Mr. Parrott, of Rockcastle, have been through here since the election in the interest of Gov. Taylor.

Mr. J. C. Powell, of this place, has just returned from Livingston. He says he is getting along very well in the goods business.

Drip Rock.

Mrs. M. F. Walker has a new line of winter goods.

D. C. Sparks and wife will go to Kirby Knob to-morrow.

F. C. Click made a delivery of fruit trees at this place on Nov. 9.

D. M. Click brought returns from Maryville woolen mills Nov. 14.

H. H. Fowler and Frank Garret are building a house on Clover Bottom.

School will close here Nov. 28. The idea of an entertainment has been given up as there are measles in the community.

Mrs. J. W. Parsons, of Berea, bought a horse at this place last Friday and had him put in H. H. Fowler's barn that night, and he was found dead the next morning. It is supposed that the news of the election killed him as he had belonged to a Goebel man.

Abram Coffey and I. T. Alcom took a load of apples to Irvine last Monday and while driving through town found that both large wheels of their wagon were on one side. They had traveled 12 miles thinking something was wrong with the wagon.

Evergreen.

Mr. Louis Lake is improving slowly.

Good Jeans wanted by Berea College.

Mrs. Drew is visiting relatives at Wallacetown, Madison Co.

Suicide. Mr. Fred Rader shot and killed himself, last Monday, Nov. 13.

People are busy gathering corn.

We have nice weather to work in now.

Mr. T. J. Lake has returned on a visit. We are proud to have him with us.

Your correspondent, Kate S. Lake, has been sick but is well enough to go to school now.

Mr. Langdon is going to have an exhibition on Thanksgiving and then finish his school.

We have had some visitors from Berea College; Mr. Johnson, Mr. Chapin, and his brother. We enjoyed having them very much. They visited caves and got lots of pretty rocks. We think they enjoyed their trip finely.

Clay County.

Bright Shade.

Hon. John D. White was up during the election.

Thos. Smith, Jr., has been very sick since Friday.

Anderson Smallwood had his thigh mashed by a log Monday.

Noah Valentine was in at Manchester during the election.

A Sunday-school has been organized at the school-house here.

John D. Hubbard and Martha Laune were married, Sunday.

Miss Dora Smith visited relatives on Martin's Creek during the week.

Joseph Delph and some other young men say they expect to go to the Philippines.

G. A. Sizemore and M. H. Frederick expect to be at Berea at the opening of the winter term.

Although a fair vote was polled here, several voters remained at home on election day, when they should have exercised their part in the government of the people.

Beverly Jackson shot and killed Willis Smith, Jr., Saturday. According to good reports the deed was done in self-defense. Jackson's trial is set for Saturday, at Manchester. He is a brother of Commodore Jackson, who attended School at Berea last year.

Ogle.

Mr. George Woods and wife are the parents of a nine pound girl.

Evan Davidson missed some of his tobacco last Sunday morning.

Miss Ellen Jones and Mr. Mitchell Hardy were married Thursday.

Mr. J. W. Brigman visited his daughter, Miss Helen Brigman, Sunday.

Mr. Billy Eversole, of Big Creek, visited his sister, Mrs. Nancy Jane Frederick, of this place, Sunday.

Homespun Wanted.

Good Indigo Blue and White Coverlets, strictly home-made, and perfectly matched, are in demand and will be bought by Berea College at fair prices.

Good Jeans and Linsey, well-made and of desirable colors, will be bought also.

Only strictly home-made goods will be bought. Write to

Miss J. A. Robinson,

Lady Principal, Berea College.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Contributed by E. G. DEXON, '08.

Some More Games.

How many of the games described last week have we tried since then?

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

All play and no work makes Jack a mere toy."

Some of us need to have the first line of the above shouted in our ears, while others need to listen more to the second line,—so we print them both.

When a number of us get together for an evening party, we are sometimes at a loss what to do for entertainment, unless, indeed, we resort to dancing, and many good people do not consider dancing a wholly proper form of amusement. Here are a few ways to make the time pass pleasantly.

PASS THE RING.—Let all be seated in a circle. Find a string long enough to go clear around, slip a finger-ring onto it, tie the ends together, and let each guest hold the part of the string in front of him with his hands. Then let all the players keep their hands moving apart and together again, so that the ring can go around the circle without being seen. One player, standing in the center, tries to find the ring, and the one in whose hands he catches it takes his place in the center.

FRENCH BLIND MAN'S BUFF.—All be seated in a circle. Some one whispers an odd number in the ear of each boy, and some one else an even number to each girl. One player stands blindfolded in the middle, and calls off two numbers, as "13, 6," or "10, 17." While the boy and girl having the numbers called are exchanging seats, he tries to catch one and to guess who it is. If he succeeds, the person caught is blindfolded.

GAME OF QUESTIONS.—Choose sides and let the two groups of players go into different rooms. One player from each side is sent out onto the porch, and these two agree upon some object. Then they go back, each to the room where the opposing side is waiting, and answer promptly the questions which are put to them. The only answers they can give are, "yes," "no," and "I don't know." The side which first guesses the right keeps the man from whom they guessed it.

Suppose that the object chosen is President McKinley's felt hat. Then the questioning might run somewhat as follows: "Is it vegetable?" "No." "Animal?" "Yes." "Is it alive?" "No." "Is it natural?" "No." "Artificial?" "Yes." "Is it in Ky.?" "No." "In Ohio?" "No." "Is it in any State?" "No." "Is it in America?" "Yes." "In Canada?" "No." "In Mexico?" "No." "Not in the U. S.?" "Yes." "But not in any state?" "No." "In Washington, then?" "Yes." "Does it belong to any one in particular?" "Yes." "To Pres. McKinley?" "Yes." "Is it part of his clothing?" "Yes." "Is it his coat?" "No." "His shoes?" "No." "Is it his hat?" "Yes."

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by Mrs. ELIZA H. YOUNG, DEPT. OF EDUC. Normal Department, Berea College.

At Philadelphia one is treading all the while on historic ground. At 235 Arch Street still stands the house in which Betsy Ross, a young widow conducting the little furniture shop left by her husband, made the first American flag. In May, 1776, General Washington and a committee gave Mrs. Ross an order for a sample flag having thirteen stars and thirteen stripes. The flag was made and adopted as our National emblem.

Between Third and Fourth Streets, near Chestnut Street, is Carpenters' Hall. It was built in 1724 by a Society of Carpenters and Architects. It was here that the first Continental Congress met, Sept. 5, 1774.

But one of the most interesting buildings in this city is Independence Hall, or the Old State House, on Chestnut Street, between Fifth and Sixth Streets. It was built by the Province of Pennsylvania, 1729-1735. Here was convened the Second Continental Congress, and here, July 4, 1776, was adopted the Declaration of Independence. This historic old building has recently been repaired and restored to its colonial condition.

Many rare old pictures hang on its walls and here is the famous Liberty Bell. It was sent to this country from London in 1752; it was found to be cracked, and was twice recast in Philadelphia before it was satisfactory.

It is a significant fact that the original bell bore the same inscription that we see upon it now,—"Proclaim Liberty Throughout the Land, and to all the Inhabitants thereof," though it was doubtless made with no thought of the future independence to the Colonies.

Christ P. E. Church on Second Street above Market Street was built in 1727. In this church President Washington worshipped, and his pew still remains and is shown to visitors.

President Adams and Benjamin Franklin also attended this church. Dr. Franklin, who died 1790, was buried in Christ's Church burying ground.

Wanamaker's Store is the store of the city in the estimation of thousands of shoppers. It occupies eighteen acres of floor space, besides six acres in separate buildings for shops and ware rooms.

The number of people in the employ of the store varies from 3,500 to 5,000 according to the season. All business here is on a large scale. The cash-carrying system comprises twelve miles of pneumatic tubing; the eleven boilers require from twenty to twenty-five tons of coal daily. But while everything is on this immense scale, a person buying only a five cent tablet is treated with as much courtesy as if he were buying \$100 worth of fine furniture.

It would be an education in itself could one spend a year here, dividing his time so that he might become acquainted with the local history and geography of the place; might visit its museums, art galleries, and libraries; hear the great preachers and the eloquent lecturers; might hear the music, and see the beauty of architecture in some of the city's fine buildings; might visit Cramp's ship-yards, where some of the finest ships of our Navy have been built, might become familiar with philanthropic institutions, and acquainted with the spirit and method of modern city life at its best.

All this and more Philadelphia holds for one with leisure, and to the busy man or woman it becomes either home or prison as the case may be.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

Shelter and Care of Stock.

These alluring Indian Summer days are apt to make us forget that the cold chilly rains, the snows and freezes are sure to follow and apt to come rather suddenly in the end. Then the animals that have been lying-out under the skies so comfortably will be chilled and disheartened if they cannot find some shelter.

An animal that becomes stunted in growth over winter takes several weeks of good feeding in the spring to get started to growing again and never makes the growth it might have done had it been pushed steadily ahead.

Sambo's account of his master's making money twice a year; selling hay in the fall and in the spring selling hides of the cattle that had died, describes a style of farming that has not wholly gone out of practice.

Of the food consumed by an animal, a part must always go to keeping up the bodily heat and energy, a part goes to growth if the animal is young, and a part may be stored up in the form of accumulated flesh and fat, or may be used in the production of milk in the case of the cow, or in the production of energy or work in the case of the horse, mule, or ox.

There is a necessary consumption of food for the first purpose in all animals, though it varies greatly in different individuals, some being "easy keepers" and some "hard keepers."

If the animal is only able to keep the machinery of life moving, with no surplus for growth or accumulation, it is of no value to its owner.

With all kinds of farm stock, except cats and dogs, (and it were well if some of these were reckoned in, too) if the animal is not growing larger, doing work, multiplying its kind, or in some way producing a valuable product for its owner besides merely living and being assessed for taxation, the owner would be better off without it.

It is doubtless the owner's fault as a rule, but it is a fact that there is a great deal of stock kept that does not profit the owner, or even pay for the feed they consume.

When an animal is turned into a muddy or frozen lot, scantily fed, and with only the warm side of a wire fence between it and a pitiless winter storm, small wonder if all the heat producing energy of what food it can get—and a draft too on some fat that was stored up last summer—are needed to keep the creature alive till the sun shines again. In this land of cheap board timber, cheap slabs and boxing, and cheap posts and poles, a sharp ax and a little energy are about all that are needed to insure warm quarters for all the domestic animals before the severe weather sets in. Such shelter will be worth barrels of corn and loads of hay.



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